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The BLACK TERROR

no. 11

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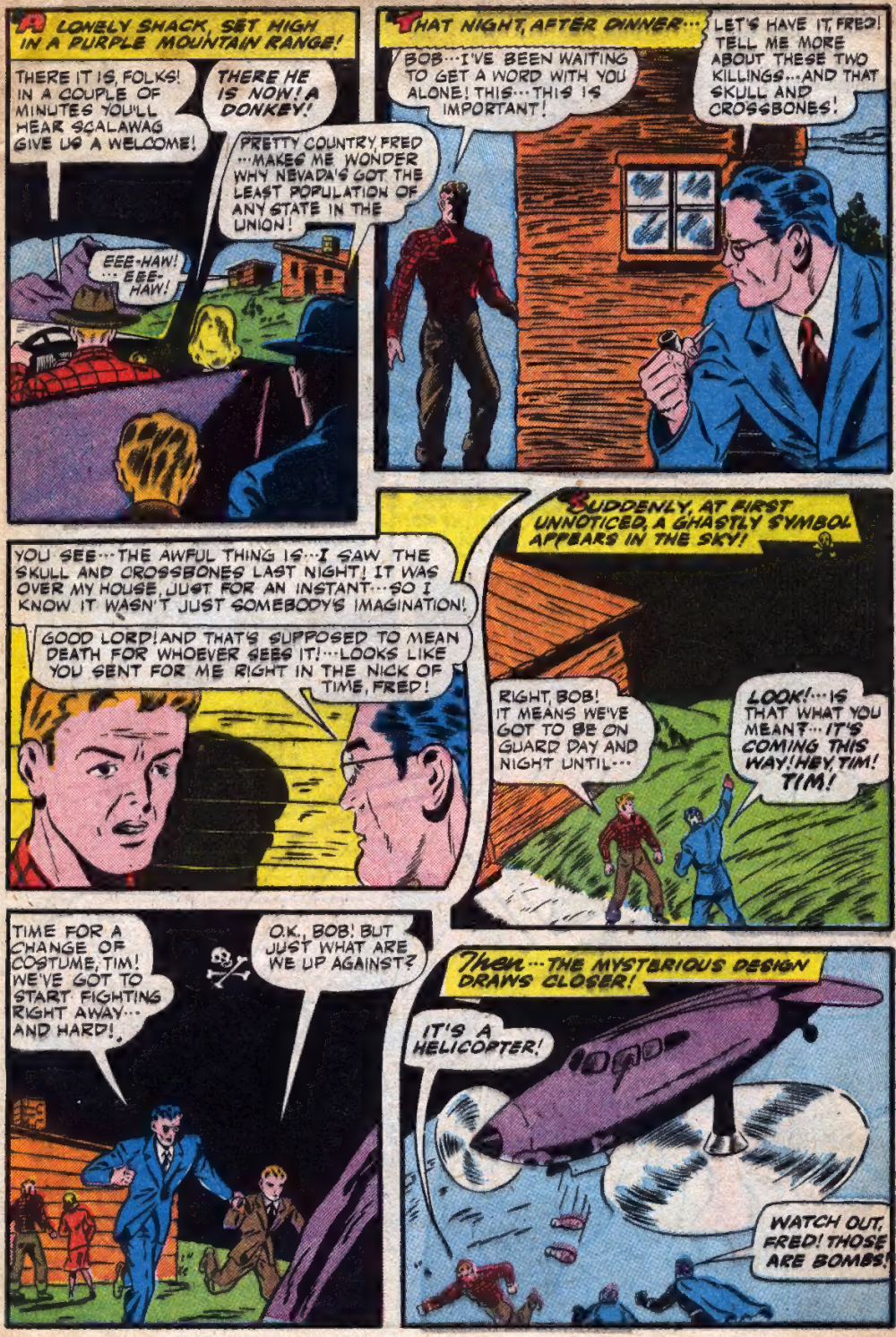
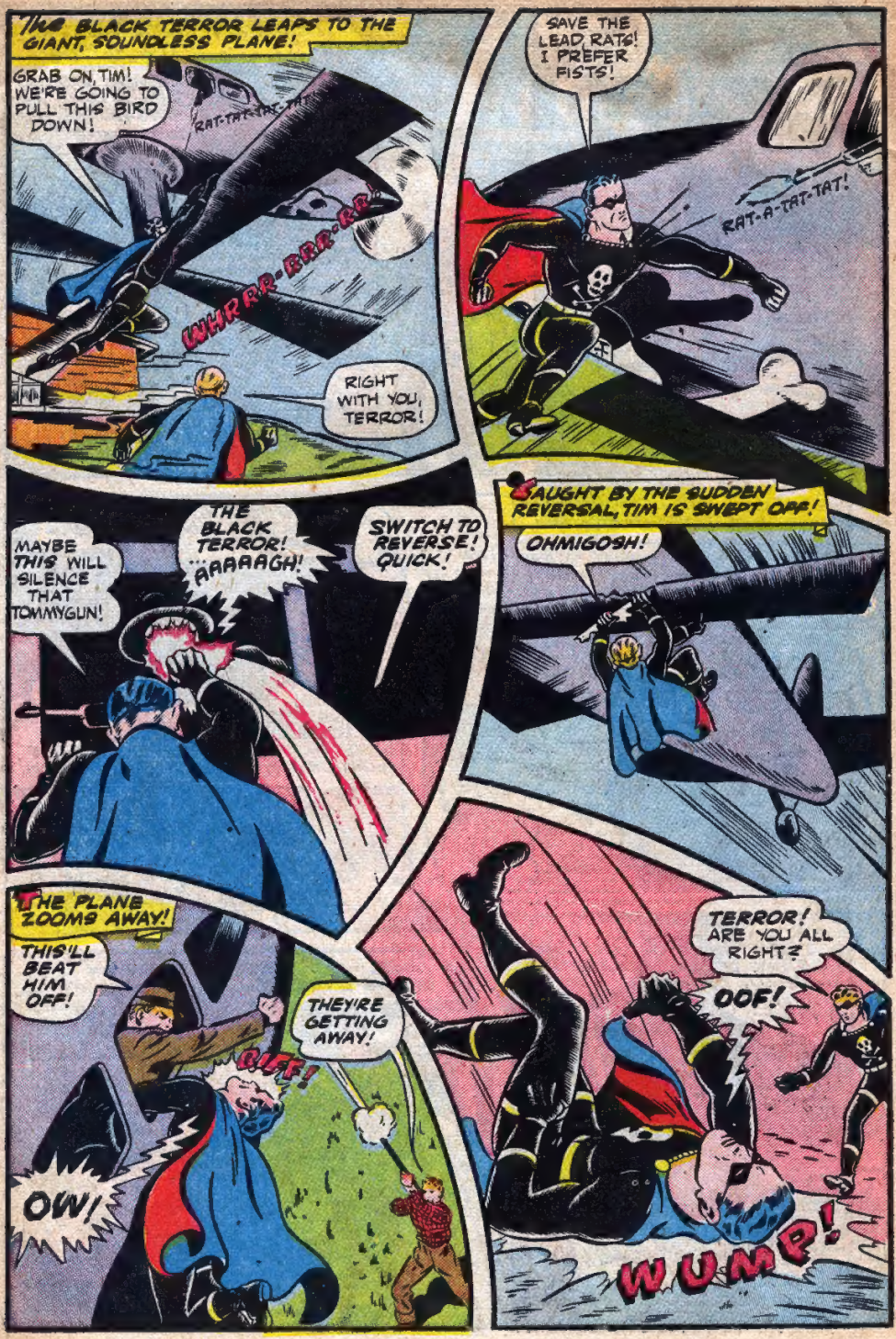
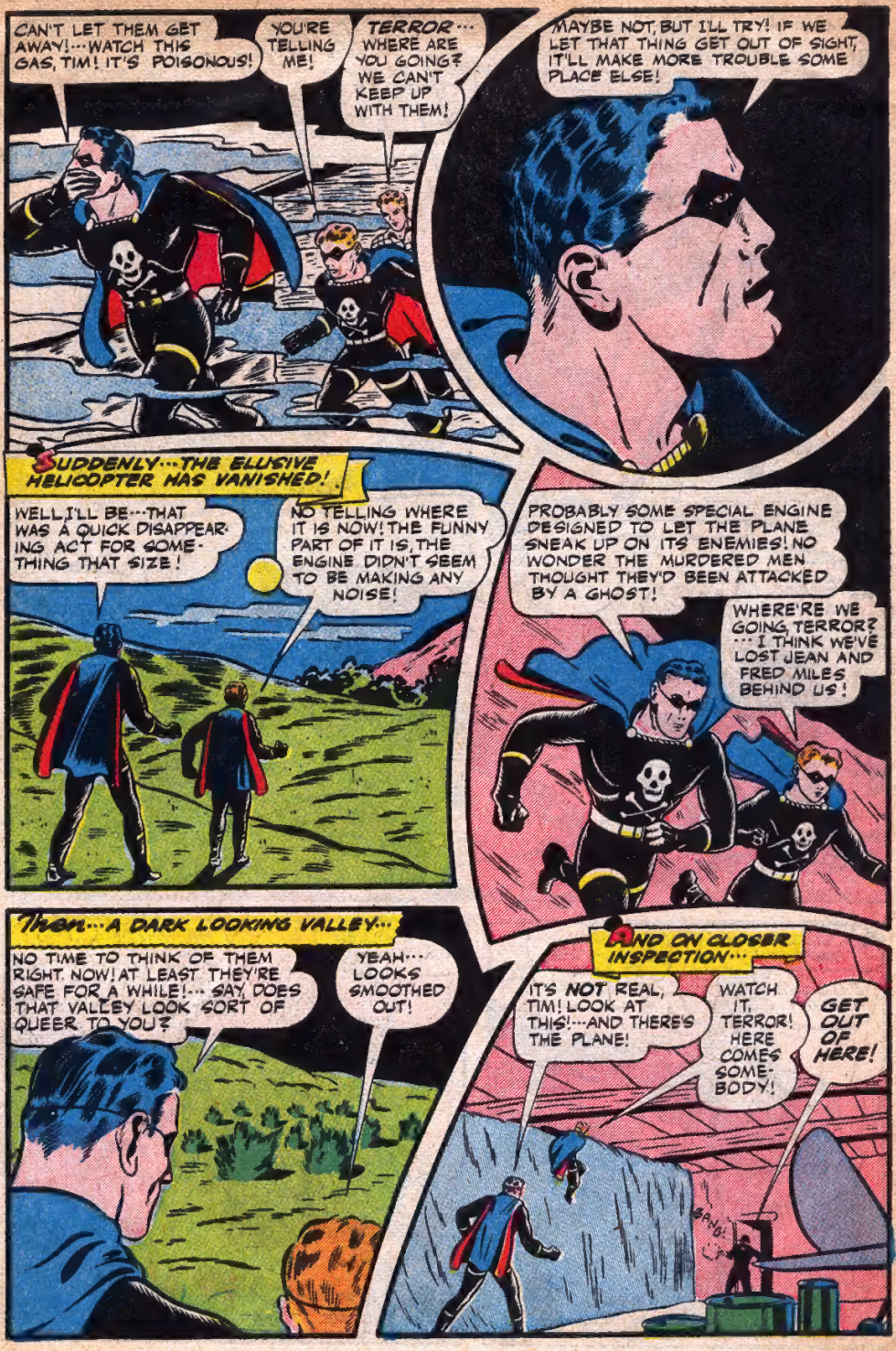
The BLACK TERROR
A GIGANTIC SKULL AND CROSSBONES IN THE SKY HERALD A MYSTERIOUS DEATH TO THE CHOSEN VICTIMS OF... "THE VOICE"! GUIDED BY THE WHISPERED CLUES OF DYING MEN, BOB BENTON, ALIAS THE BLACK TERROR, AND HIS FIGHTING PARTNER, TIM, GO WEST FOR ANOTHER SPINE-TINGLING, VICTORIOUS ADVENTURE!
CC-356

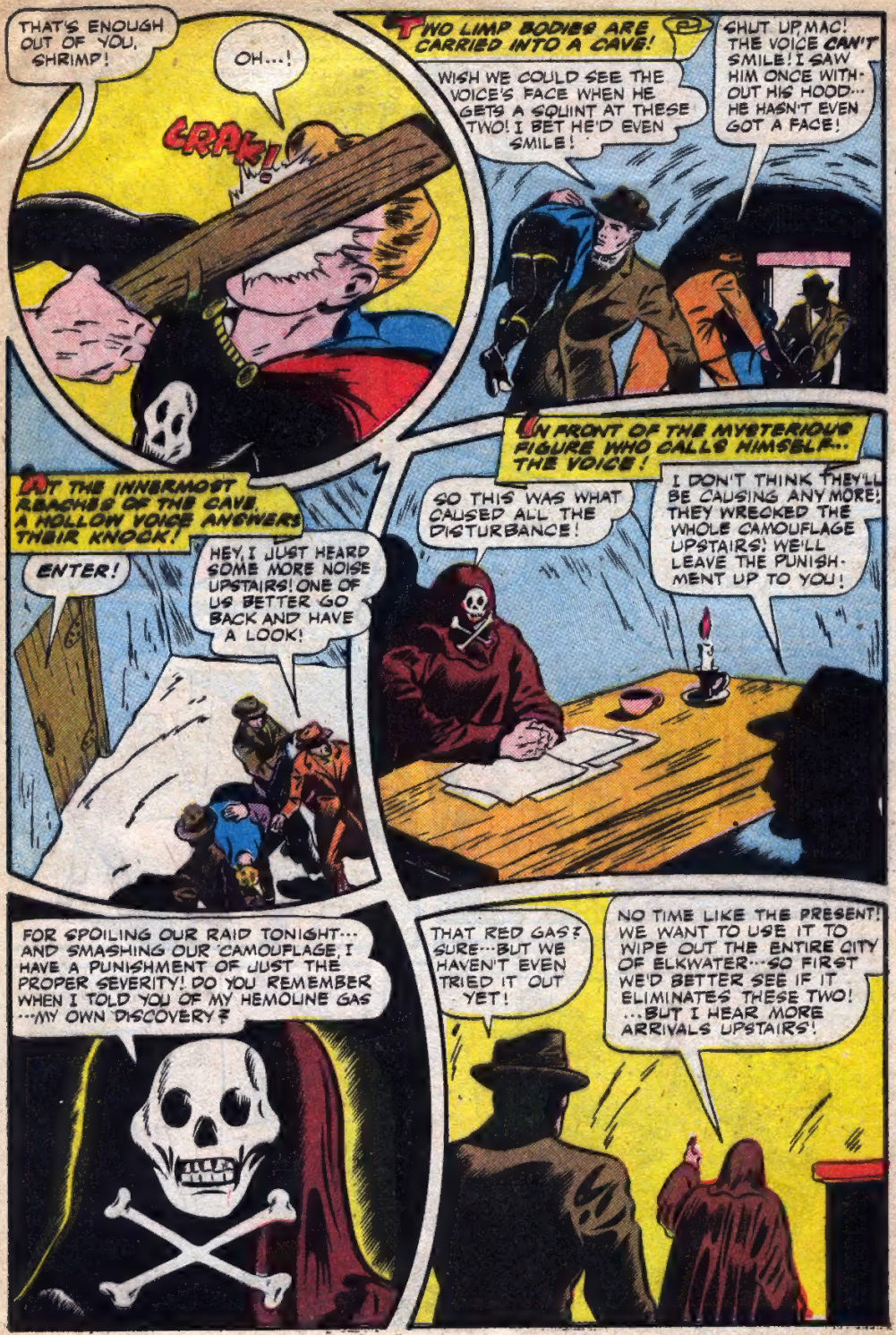
IN BOB BENTON'S DRUGSTORE, ONE MONDAY MORNING···
A SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM NEVADA···WHO DO YOU KNOW IN NEVADA?
AN OLD CLASSMATE OF MINE NAMED FRED SWANSON ···SAY, IT SOUNDS AS IF HE'S RUN INTO SOMETHING MIGHTY INTERESTING HERE···IF IT ISN'T A FISH STORY!
WHAT'S UP?
PLENTY! HE SAYS TWO OF HIS NEIGHBORS HAVE BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED IN THEIR SHACKS! THE LAST MAN, JUST BEFORE HE DIED, SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SKULL AND CROSSBONES IN THE SKY!
OF COURSE, DYING MEN SOMETIMES GET STRANGE VISIONS, BUT STILL··· GET YOUR THINGS TOGETHER, TIM, AND DON'T FORGET YOUR UNIFORM! WE'RE GOING TO NEVADA!
YOU BET, BOB! I'LL SEE YOU IN FIVE MINUTES!
WHEN THEY GET TO THE AIRPORT···
JEAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
GOSH, I THOUGHT FOR ONCE WE MIGHT GET TO GO SOMEWHERE ALONE!
I CALLED UP THE DRUGSTORE AND THE SODA BOY TOLD ME YOU WERE LEAVING FOR NEVADA···SO··· I AM, TOO!
HOURS LATER, APPROACHING NEVADA···
I WARN YOU, MY FRIEND FRED SWANSON IS EVEN QUIETER THAN I! HE'S A GOLD PROSPECTOR, WITH NOTHING FOR COMPANY BUT A COUPLE OF BURROS!
GOOD, I'LL JUST SPEND MY TIME WITH THEM! I KNOW IF ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPENS, YOU'LL DISAPPEAR ANYWAY!
FRED SWANSON MEETS THEM AT THE AIRPORT!
HELLO, BOB! GOSH, I'M GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT SO SOON··· BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D BRING A LADY ALONG!
SHE'S NO···
SHUT UP, TIM! HOW ARE YOU, FRED? THIS IS MY FRIEND JEAN! I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT A CAR ALONG! I THOUGHT WE'D HAVE TO GO BY BURRO!


A LONELY SHACK, SET HIGH IN A PURPLE MOUNTAIN RANGE!
THERE IT IS, FOLKS! IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES YOU'LL HEAR SCALAWAG GIVE US A WELCOME!
THERE HE IS NOW! A DONKEY!
PRETTY COUNTRY, FRED ...MAKES ME WONDER WHY NEVADA'S GOT THE LEAST POPULATION OF ANY STATE IN THE UNION!
EEE-HAW! ... EEE-HAW!
THAT NIGHT, AFTER DINNER...
BOB...I'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET A WORD WITH YOU ALONE! THIS...THIS IS IMPORTANT!
LET'S HAVE IT, FRED! TELL ME MORE ABOUT THESE TWO KILLINGS...AND THAT SKULL AND CROSSBONES!
YOU SEE...THE AWFUL THING IS...I SAW THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES LAST NIGHT! IT WAS OVER MY HOUSE, JUST FOR AN INSTANT...SO I KNOW IT WASN'T JUST SOMEBODY'S IMAGINATION!
GOOD LORD! AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MEAN DEATH FOR WHOEVER SEES IT!...LOOKS LIKE YOU SENT FOR ME RIGHT IN THE NICK OF TIME, FRED!
SUDDENLY, AT FIRST UNNOTICED, A GHASTLY SYMBOL APPEARS IN THE SKY!
RIGHT, BOB! IT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO BE ON GUARD DAY AND NIGHT UNTIL...
LOOK!...IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN?...IT'S COMING THIS WAY! HEY, TIM! TIM!
TIME FOR A CHANGE OF COSTUME, TIM! WE'VE GOT TO START FIGHTING RIGHT AWAY...AND HARD!
O.K., BOB! BUT JUST WHAT ARE WE UP AGAINST?
Then...THE MYSTERIOUS DESIGN DRAWS CLOSER!
IT'S A HELICOPTER!
WATCH OUT, FRED! THOSE ARE BOMBS!


THE BLACK TERROR LEAPS TO THE GIANT, SOUNDLESS PLANE!
GRAB ON, TIM! WE'RE GOING TO PULL THIS BIRD DOWN!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
WHRRR-RRR-RR!
RIGHT WITH YOU, TERROR!
SAVE THE LEAD, RATS! I PREFER FISTS!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT!
MAYBE THIS WILL SILENCE THAT TOMMYGUN!
THE BLACK TERROR!
AAAAAGH!
SWITCH TO REVERSE! QUICK!
CAUGHT BY THE SUDDEN REVERSAL, TIM IS SWEPT OFF!
OHMIGOSH!
THE PLANE ZOOMS AWAY!
THIS'LL BEAT HIM OFF!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
BIFF!
OW!
TERROR! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OOF!
WUMP!

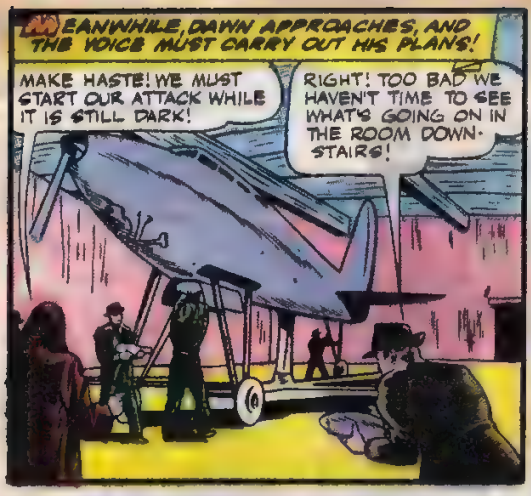

CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY!···WATCH THIS GAS, TIM! IT'S POISONOUS!
YOU'RE TELLING ME!
TERROR··· WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE CAN'T KEEP UP WITH THEM!
MAYBE NOT, BUT I'LL TRY! IF WE LET THAT THING GET OUT OF SIGHT, IT'LL MAKE MORE TROUBLE SOME PLACE ELSE!
SUDDENLY···THE ELUSIVE HELICOPTER HAS VANISHED!
WELL, I'LL BE···THAT WAS A QUICK DISAPPEARING ACT FOR SOMETHING THAT SIZE!
NO TELLING WHERE IT IS NOW! THE FUNNY PART OF IT IS, THE ENGINE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE MAKING ANY NOISE!
PROBABLY SOME SPECIAL ENGINE DESIGNED TO LET THE PLANE SNEAK UP ON ITS ENEMIES! NO WONDER THE MURDERED MEN THOUGHT THEY'D BEEN ATTACKED BY A GHOST!
WHERE'RE WE GOING, TERROR? ···I THINK WE'VE LOST JEAN AND FRED MILES BEHIND US!
Then···A DARK LOOKING VALLEY···
NO TIME TO THINK OF THEM RIGHT NOW! AT LEAST THEY'RE SAFE FOR A WHILE!··· SAY, DOES THAT VALLEY LOOK SORT OF QUEER TO YOU?
YEAH··· LOOKS SMOOTHED OUT!
AND ON CLOSER INSPECTION···
IT'S NOT REAL, TIM! LOOK AT THIS!···AND THERE'S THE PLANE!
WATCH IT, TERROR! HERE COMES SOMEBODY!
GET OUT OF HERE!
BANG!

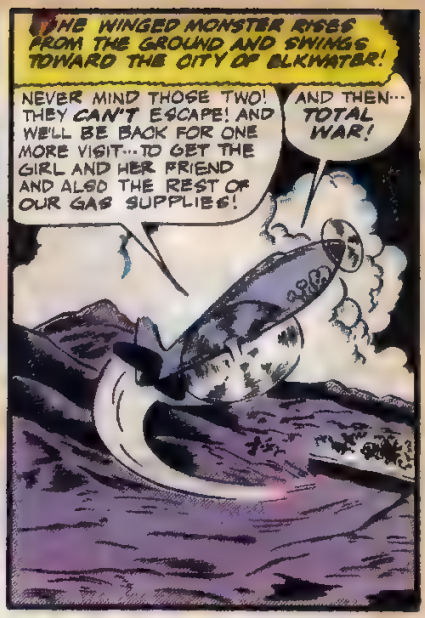
LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS!
KRAK!
HELP!
THE TERROR TWINS GO INTO ACTION!
COME ON, TIM, LET'S BRING THE ROOF ALL THE WAY DOWN!
HERE WE GO!
GRAB THEM!... IT'S THE BLACK TERROR AND HIS PAL!
SMASH!
A GIANT BATTERING RAM!
O.K.! LET'S GO!
OUT OF MY WAY, RAT!
SOK!
TERROR! ...BEHIND YOU!
A SICKENING IMPACT!
O-O-O-OW! ...AH...
THAT'S THE END OF THE BLACK TERROR!
WHUMP!
YOU'VE KILLED HIM! YOU...
HA-HA! CALL UP THE VOICE! I THINK HE'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK!
SOK!

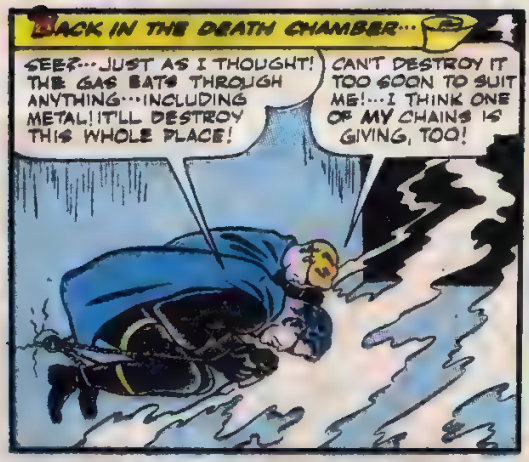

THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, SHRIMP!
OH...!
CRAK!
TWO LIMP BODIES ARE CARRIED INTO A CAVE!
WISH WE COULD SEE THE VOICE'S FACE WHEN HE GETS A SQUINT AT THESE TWO! I BET HE'D EVEN SMILE!
SHUT UP, MAC! THE VOICE CAN'T SMILE! I SAW HIM ONCE WITHOUT HIS HOOD... HE HASN'T EVEN GOT A FACE!
AT THE INNERMOST REACHES OF THE CAVE, A HOLLOW VOICE ANSWERS THEIR KNOCK!
ENTER!
HEY, I JUST HEARD SOME MORE NOISE UPSTAIRS! ONE OF US BETTER GO BACK AND HAVE A LOOK!
IN FRONT OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WHO CALLS HIMSELF... THE VOICE!
SO THIS WAS WHAT CAUSED ALL THE DISTURBANCE!
I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE CAUSING ANY MORE! THEY WRECKED THE WHOLE CAMOUFLAGE UPSTAIRS! WE'LL LEAVE THE PUNISHMENT UP TO YOU!
FOR SPOILING OUR RAID TONIGHT... AND SMASHING OUR CAMOUFLAGE, I HAVE A PUNISHMENT OF JUST THE PROPER SEVERITY! DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I TOLD YOU OF MY HEMOLINE GAS ...MY OWN DISCOVERY?
THAT RED GAS? SURE...BUT WE HAVEN'T EVEN TRIED IT OUT YET!
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT! WE WANT TO USE IT TO WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE CITY OF ELKWATER...SO FIRST WE'D BETTER SEE IF IT ELIMINATES THESE TWO! ...BUT I HEAR MORE ARRIVALS UPSTAIRS!

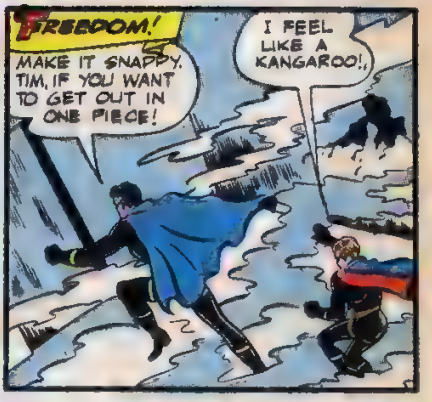
UPSTAIRS...
THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP QUIET AFTER THIS! THE VOICE DOESN'T LIKE NOISE!
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US? WHERE'S THE BLACK TERROR?
YOU WON'T WANT TO GO WHERE HE'S GOING, GIRLIE! HA-HA!
TERROR!
HELP!
GOOD WORK! PUT THEM IN ANOTHER CELL! I WISH TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT WITH THESE TWO BEFORE WE START ON THIS MORNING'S ASSIGNMENT!
JEAN... HOW DID YOU...
GET IN THERE AND KEEP QUIET!
OH...!
A DESPERATE ATTEMPT!
LET'S GET GOING, TIM! WE CAN'T LET 'EM HURT JEAN!
HEY! OW!
WHAT THE!
KLOK!
CRASH THE GATES, TIM! OH!
HA-HA!... NOT THIS TIME, TERROR!
KLANK!

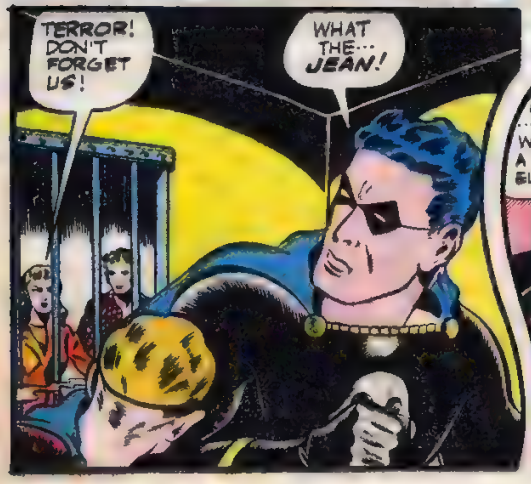
GOOD GRIEF ...WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF?
NOT FLESH AND BLOOD AS YOU SEE, TERROR, OR I COULD NOT BEGIN TO CARRY OUT ALL MY PLANS! ENOUGH! FASTEN THEM IN THE CHAINS!
NOW...WHEN THAT'S DONE, LEAVE US ALONE!
WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO TO US?
I HAVE GASES TO SERVE ANY PURPOSE I WISH!...BUT MY BIG JOB IS AHEAD! AT DAWN I WILL WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE CITY OF ELKWATER...THEN I'LL BE IN CONTROL OF ONE HUNDRED SQUARE MILES FROM WHICH TO LAUNCH MY ATTACKS AGAINST ALL AMERICA! MINES, FACTORIES...HUMAN BEINGS ...ALL WILL WORK AT MY COMMAND!
YOU TWO WILL BE MY GUINEA PIGS FOR MY NEW GAS...HEMOLINE! YOU SEE, I AM AN EXPERT ON GASES...I MADE IT MY HOBBY BECAUSE I SUFFERED SEVERELY FROM GAS IN THE LAST WAR!
SO THAT'S HOW YOU KILLED THOSE TWO PROSPECTORS ...WITH SOME KIND OF GASES THAT LEAVE NO EFFECTS!
BUT I SEE I'VE TALKED LONG ENOUGH!...HERE COMES THE HEMOLINE, DOGS! I ADVISE YOU TO BREATHE DEEPLY AND GET IT OVER WITH!
GOSH, TERROR! I'M SCARED!
CHIN UP, TIM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
GRIMLY, THEY AWAIT THEIR FATE!
THE GAS IS HEAVIER THAN AIR... AND IF IT'S AS POWERFUL AS THE VOICE SAYS, MY IDEA MAY WORK! LIFT YOUR FEET UP, TIM... OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT GAS!
WHAT IDEA, TERROR? I HOPE IT'S A GOOD ONE!
SSS-SSS-SSS

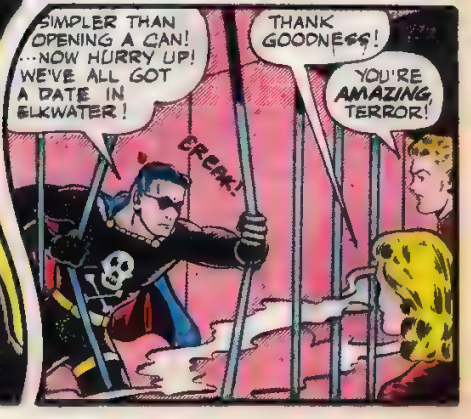

MEANWHILE, DAWN APPROACHES, AND THE VOICE MUST CARRY OUT HIS PLANS!
MAKE HASTE! WE MUST START OUR ATTACK WHILE IT IS STILL DARK!
RIGHT! TOO BAD WE HAVEN'T TIME TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE ROOM DOWNSTAIRS!


THE WINGED MONSTER RISES FROM THE GROUND AND SWINGS TOWARD THE CITY OF ELKWATER!
NEVER MIND THOSE TWO! THEY CAN'T ESCAPE! AND WE'LL BE BACK FOR ONE MORE VISIT···TO GET THE GIRL AND HER FRIEND AND ALSO THE REST OF OUR GAS SUPPLIES!
AND THEN··· TOTAL WAR!


BACK IN THE DEATH CHAMBER···
SEE?···JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE GAS EATS THROUGH ANYTHING···INCLUDING METAL! IT'LL DESTROY THIS WHOLE PLACE!
CAN'T DESTROY IT TOO SOON TO SUIT ME!···I THINK ONE OF MY CHAINS IS GIVING, TOO!


FREEDOM!
MAKE IT SNAPPY, TIM, IF YOU WANT TO GET OUT IN ONE PIECE!
I FEEL LIKE A KANGAROO!


TERROR! DON'T FORGET US!
WHAT THE··· JEAN!


SIMPLER THAN OPENING A CAN! ···NOW HURRY UP! WE'VE ALL GOT A DATE IN ELKWATER!
CREAK!
THANK GOODNESS!
YOU'RE AMAZING, TERROR!

ABOVE GROUND, ONE HELICOPTER REMAINS!
CLIMB ABOARD, EVERYBODY, AND PUT ON PARACHUTES! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A ROUGH TRIP!
THEY'VE GOT ONLY TEN MINUTES START ON US! WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE THAT UP!
THE HELICOPTER TAKES TO THE AIR, AND WITHIN FIVE MINUTES...
THAT'S ELKWATER BELOW! O.K., FRED AND JEAN--GET READY TO JUMP, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO WRECK THIS PLANE!
HURRY, TERROR! ...THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED THEIR ATTACK!
AS JEAN AND FRED PARACHUTE TO SAFETY...
ALLEY OOP!
LOOK! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR AGAIN!
A LETHAL SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE!
HERE'S ONE OF YOUR OWN GAS BOMBS, BOYS! ...JUMP OFF, TIM, AND HOLD YOUR BREATH!
BOY, JUST WATCH ME!
KABOOM!
THE HEMOLINE...! AAAAAGH!
ON THE GROUND, THE CITIZENS OF ELKWATER BRAVELY COMBAT THE GAS!
MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D TAKE THE EASIEST WAY DOWN, VOICE... LEAVING YOUR GANG TO DIE IN THE AIR!
UGH!
MOMENTS LATER, WITH THE GAS UNDER CONTROL...
THE VOICE IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIS GANG! THINK I'LL LEAVE HIM FOR THE POLICE TO TAKE CARE OF! THEY'LL HAVE TO REMOVE THAT SUIT OF ARMOR HE WEARS UNDER HIS CLOAK!
YOU'VE DONE A WONDERFUL SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE OF NEVADA AND OF ALL AMERICA, TERROR!... BUT I WONDER IF YOU CAN FIND MY FRIEND BOB BENTON FOR ME?
OH, HE'LL TURN UP NOW THAT THE DANGER'S OVER! GOSH, TERROR, IF HE WERE ONLY LIKE YOU!
TERROR AND TIM RETURN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE! DON'T MISS 'EM!

LUZON LUCK

By

CHARLES S. STRONG

A Young Filipino's Cleverness Proves Too Much for the Japs!

LITTLE Pepito whistled merrily as he strolled along the trail toward the Jap camp near Aparri. The small, fourteen-year-old Filipino boy was an active member of the guerrillas. Now he was driving a hump-back bullock, and a proud rooster was balanced on the shoulder of his tattered shirt.

A Jap sentry stopped him and asked: "Where are you going, boy?"

"Lieutenant Kamaka wants the bullock for meat, and the rooster for sport," the youthful Pepito replied gaily. The Japanese sentry laughed heartily, then he replied:

"Lieutenant Kamaka can use the meat, but sport he does not need. We've captured Captain Rogers of the American Intelligence and he will supply us with plenty of sport."

This was the information Pepito wanted to hear. If things went well he would be able to get back into the hills and report to his father. Then the Filipino guerrillas would raid the Jap camp and rescue Captain Rogers, who knew when the American invasion was coming. If there would be no time to go for help, then Pepito would try to rescue the Captain himself.

As the Japanese sentry stepped aside, Pepito went on. When he came into the center of the Japanese camp, he saw that Captain Rogers had been beaten with whips, and was now tied to a stake in the middle of the plaza. Tears forced their way into Pepito's eyes, but he brushed them back. Then he looked at the Japanese guards and the American prisoner.

Lieutenant Kamaka was in the doorway of the thatched hut that served as headquarters. He studied the little Filipino boy, the bullock and the game rooster.

Then Pepito walked past the American and said:

"The American is not busy, perhaps he will hold my rooster. I have business with the honorable lieutenant."

The Japs laughed at the sight of the bound American trying to hold onto the squirming rooster with his tied hands. Lieutenant Kamaka turned his attention to little Pepito and asked:

"Is this the best you can bring, one bullock for all my men? That will never do."

Lieutenant Kamaka drew his sword and was about to strike the boy with it when suddenly Pepito was pushed aside, and Captain Rogers wrenched the weapon from the Jap's hand. Another quick movement on the part of the American gave him the Jap officer's pistol. Thus armed, the American and the Filipino youth made a fighting withdrawal from the enemy camp.

It was only a few running steps to the jungle that closed in about the camp and the game trails. Several of the guards fired after them. Captain Rogers and Pepito became separated. The young Filipino was hiding in the green shrubbery as the Japs hurried past him. "I must get the rooster," he said to himself. "And perhaps I can drive off the bullock."

The camp was deserted as he made his way back. The rooster was running about near the stake where Captain Rogers had been tied. Severed ropes were the only signs of the prisoner. Pepito snatched up the fighting bantam, then drove off the bullock and hurried back into the jungle. He knew his way along the trails, and it was not long before he joined Captain Rogers. The American said:

"I thought they had you. I was about to go back."

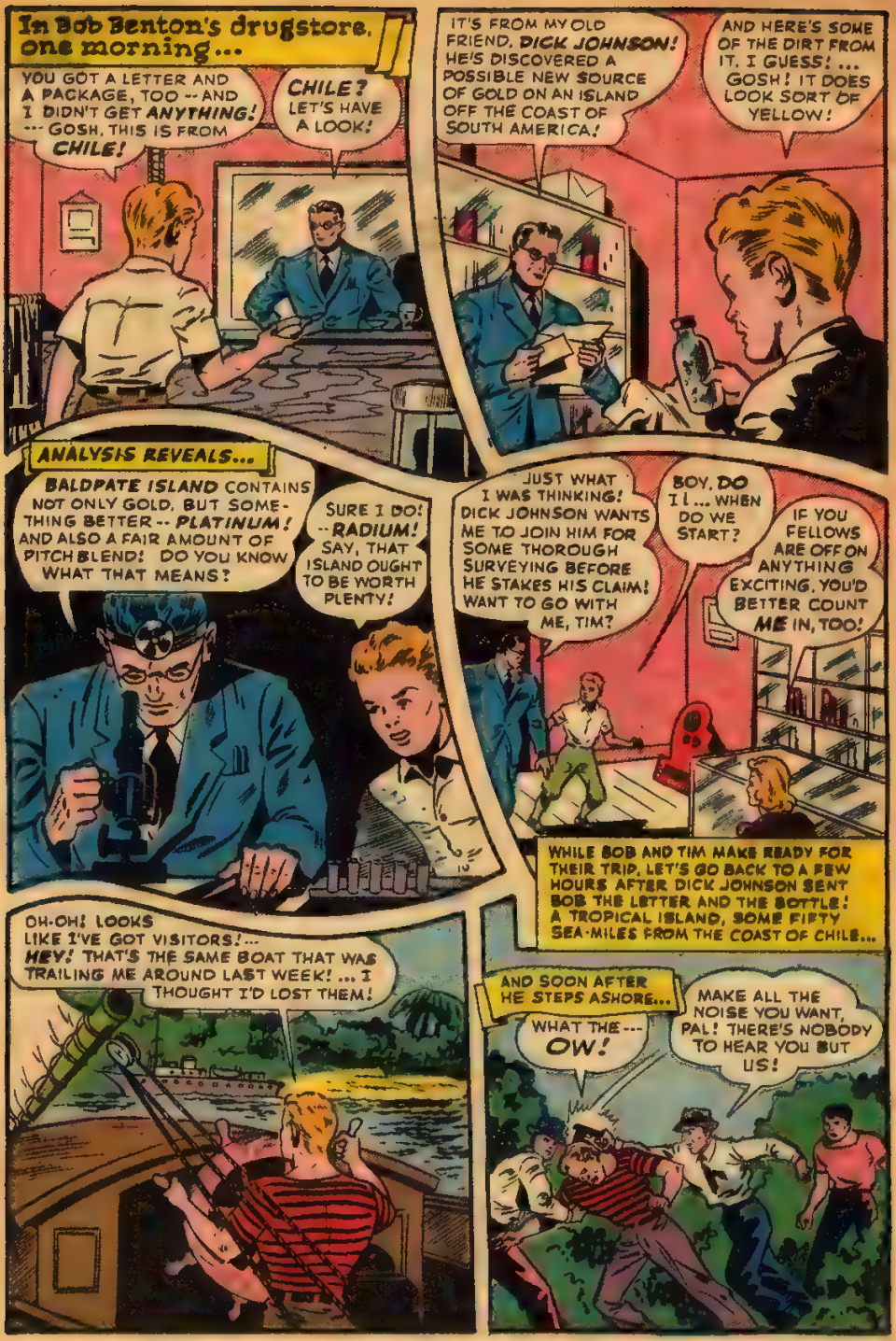
"Do not worry about me," Pepito laughed. "I can take care of myself."

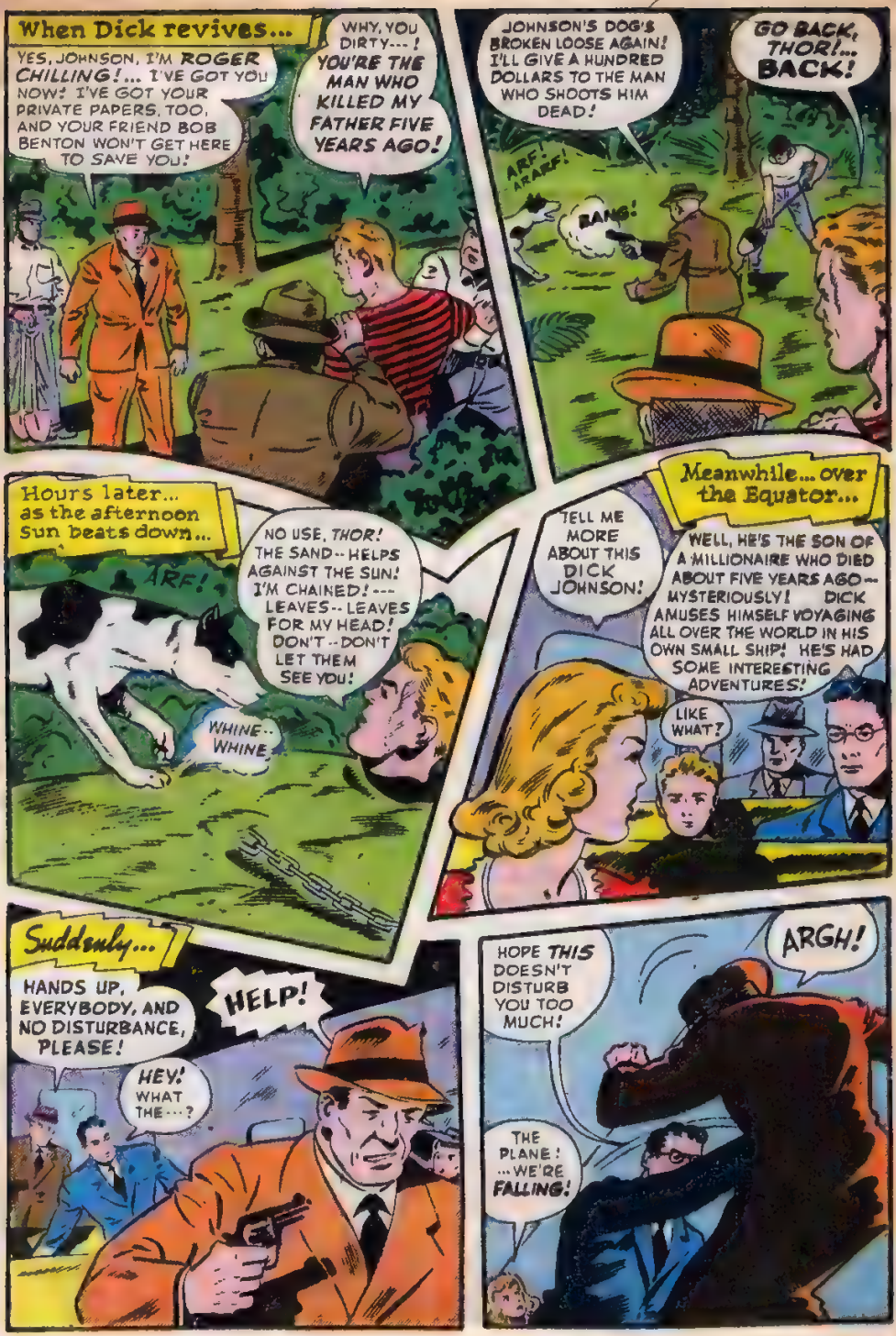
"You proved that, all right," agreed Captain Rogers. "But what happened?"

"The Japs searched Pepito for the knife," the boy replied. "They do not realize as we do that roosters used for fighting have sharp spurs attached to their feet. They cut your ropes easily, did they not?"

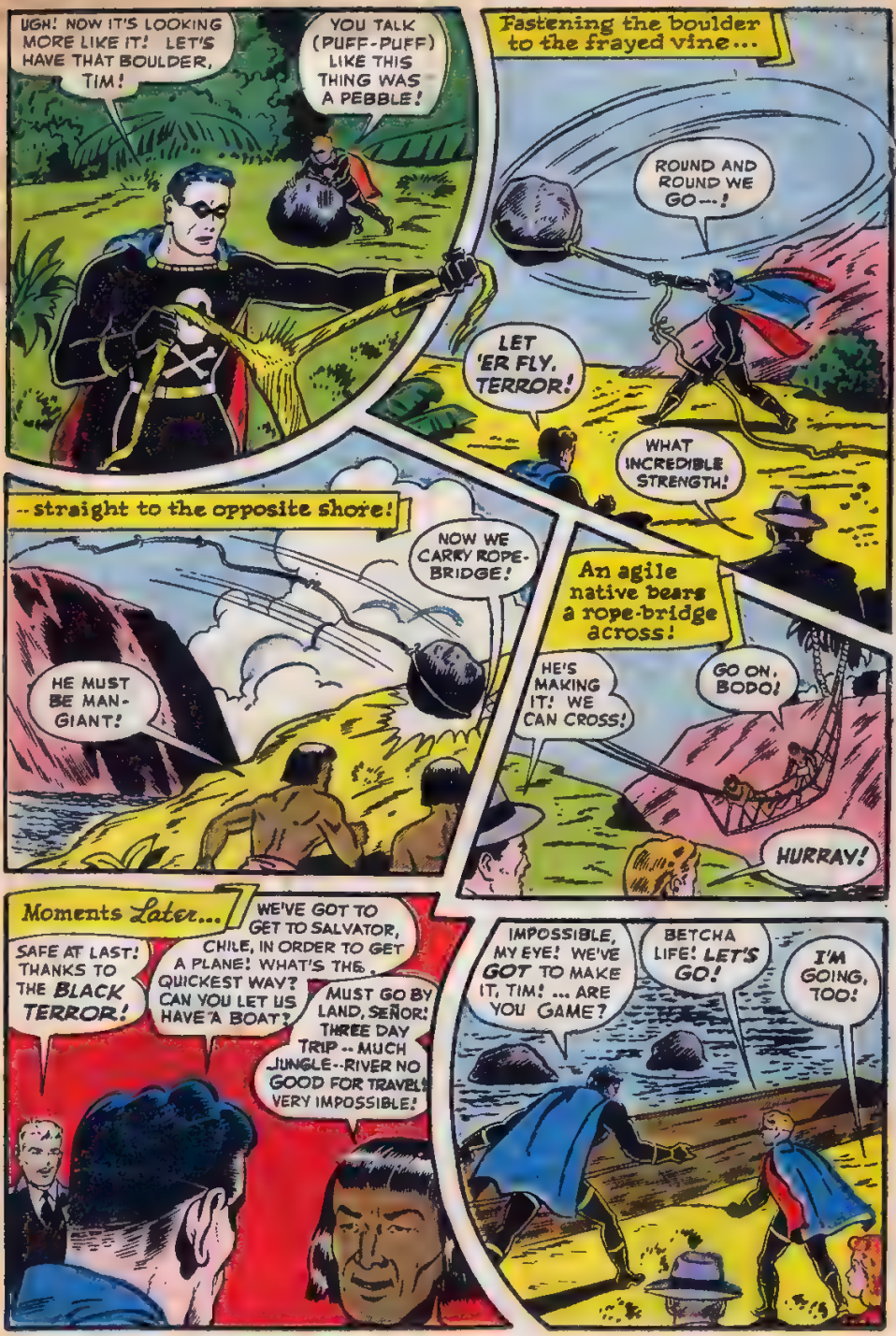
Captain Rogers nodded, and praised Pepito for his clever patriotic deed.

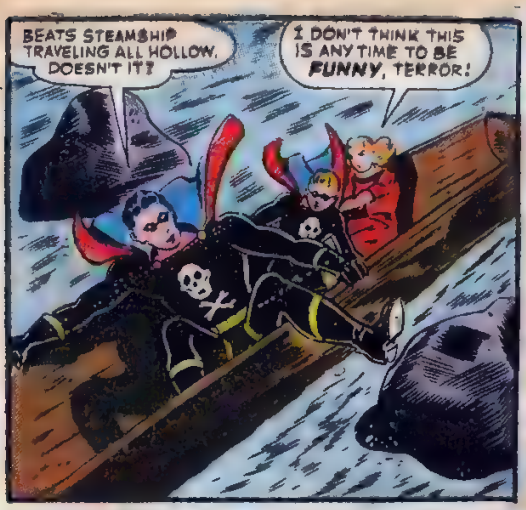
The BLACK TERROR
The discovery of a new mineral-rich isle in the Southern Hemisphere summons Bob Benton and his young pal, Tim, from their quiet drugstore in America to an adventure that rivals the best in the exciting career of the world-renowned BLACK TERROR -- champion of Justice and Democracy!


In Bob Benton's drugstore, one morning...
YOU GOT A LETTER AND A PACKAGE, TOO -- AND I DIDN'T GET ANYTHING! --- GOSH, THIS IS FROM CHILE!
CHILE? LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
IT'S FROM MY OLD FRIEND, DICK JOHNSON! HE'S DISCOVERED A POSSIBLE NEW SOURCE OF GOLD ON AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA!
AND HERE'S SOME OF THE DIRT FROM IT, I GUESS! ... GOSH! IT DOES LOOK SORT OF YELLOW!
ANALYSIS REVEALS...
BALDPATE ISLAND CONTAINS NOT ONLY GOLD, BUT SOMETHING BETTER -- PLATINUM! AND ALSO A FAIR AMOUNT OF PITCH BLEND! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
SURE I DO! -- RADIUM! SAY, THAT ISLAND OUGHT TO BE WORTH PLENTY!
JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING! DICK JOHNSON WANTS ME TO JOIN HIM FOR SOME THOROUGH SURVEYING BEFORE HE STAKES HIS CLAIM! WANT TO GO WITH ME, TIM?
BOY, DO I! ... WHEN DO WE START?
IF YOU FELLOWS ARE OFF ON ANYTHING EXCITING, YOU'D BETTER COUNT ME IN, TOO!
WHILE BOB AND TIM MAKE READY FOR THEIR TRIP, LET'S GO BACK TO A FEW HOURS AFTER DICK JOHNSON SENT BOB THE LETTER AND THE BOTTLE! A TROPICAL ISLAND, SOME FIFTY SEA-MILES FROM THE COAST OF CHILE...
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT VISITORS! --- HEY! THAT'S THE SAME BOAT THAT WAS TRAILING ME AROUND LAST WEEK! ... I THOUGHT I'D LOST THEM!
AND SOON AFTER HE STEPS ASHORE...
WHAT THE --- OW!
MAKE ALL THE NOISE YOU WANT, PAL! THERE'S NOBODY TO HEAR YOU BUT US!

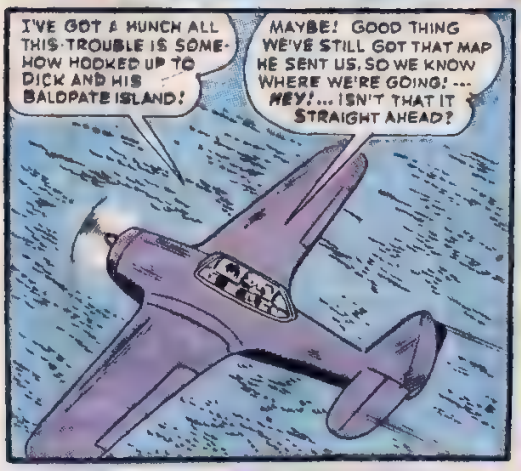

When Dick revives...
YES, JOHNSON, I'M ROGER CHILLING!... I'VE GOT YOU NOW! I'VE GOT YOUR PRIVATE PAPERS, TOO, AND YOUR FRIEND BOB BENTON WON'T GET HERE TO SAVE YOU!
WHY, YOU DIRTY---! YOU'RE THE MAN WHO KILLED MY FATHER FIVE YEARS AGO!
JOHNSON'S DOG'S BROKEN LOOSE AGAIN! I'LL GIVE A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THE MAN WHO SHOOTS HIM DEAD!
ARF! ARARF!
BANG!
GO BACK, THOR!... BACK!
Hours later... as the afternoon Sun beats down...
ARF!
NO USE, THOR! THE SAND-- HELPS AGAINST THE SUN! I'M CHAINED! --- LEAVES-- LEAVES FOR MY HEAD! DON'T--DON'T LET THEM SEE YOU!
WHINE-- WHINE
Meanwhile... over the Equator...
TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS DICK JOHNSON!
WELL, HE'S THE SON OF A MILLIONAIRE WHO DIED ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO-- MYSTERIOUSLY! DICK AMUSES HIMSELF VOYAGING ALL OVER THE WORLD IN HIS OWN SMALL SHIP! HE'S HAD SOME INTERESTING ADVENTURES!
LIKE WHAT?
Suddenly...
HANDS UP, EVERYBODY, AND NO DISTURBANCE, PLEASE!
HELP!
HEY! WHAT THE···?
HOPE THIS DOESN'T DISTURB YOU TOO MUCH!
ARGH!
THE PLANE! ...WE'RE FALLING!

A sudden nose-dive!
TAKE THAT, YOU TROUBLE-MAKER!
BOB!
BAM!
OHHHH!
A bumpy landing! Then...
NICE WORK, BRICK! I'LL WATCH 'EM WHILE YOU SMASH THE ENGINE!
RIGHT!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
The plane's engine smashed, the two thugs proceed to a waiting smaller plane...
GOOD HEAVENS! WE'RE STRANDED HERE!
DON'T RUSH 'EM, TIM! THEIR BULLETS WON'T HURT US, AND THAT'LL REVEAL OUR IDENTITY! WAIT TILL THEY LEAVE!
Behind a nearby thicket-- Tim and Bob become --THE TERROR TWINS!
BUT NOW WHAT'LL WE DO, TERROR? WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY WAY OF GETTING OFF THIS ISLAND!
WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING! WE'VE GOT THE LIVES OF FIFTEEN PEOPLE ON OUR HANDS!
THE BLACK TERROR! I KNEW YOU'D TURN UP, SOMEHOW!
OH, SURE! TRUST US!-- ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS FIND A BRIDGE FROM HERE TO THE MAINLAND!
WE'VE LOOKED FOR A BRIDGE! THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY!
A swirling river holds them prisoner!
IMPOSSIBLE TO SWIM A THING LIKE THAT! AND THE NATIVES COULDN'T POSSIBLY THROW A BRIDGE ACROSS!
THE NATIVES COULDN'T, BUT MAYBE WE CAN! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT ONE OF THESE VINES!

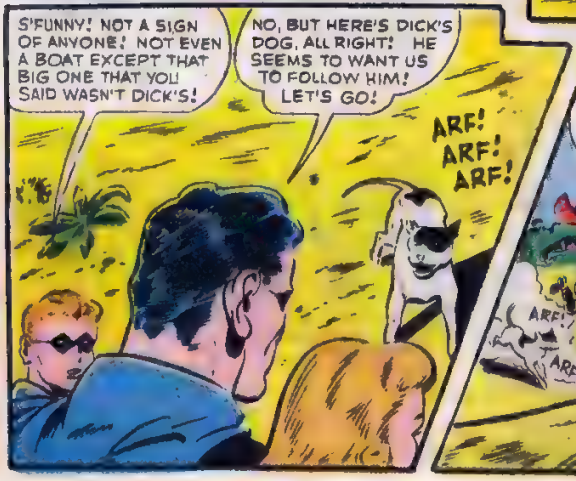

UGH! NOW IT'S LOOKING MORE LIKE IT! LET'S HAVE THAT BOULDER, TIM!
YOU TALK (PUFF-PUFF) LIKE THIS THING WAS A PEBBLE!
Fastening the boulder to the frayed vine...
ROUND AND ROUND WE GO--!
LET 'ER FLY, TERROR!
WHAT INCREDIBLE STRENGTH!
--straight to the opposite shore!
NOW WE CARRY ROPE-BRIDGE!
HE MUST BE MAN-GIANT!
An agile native bears a rope-bridge across!
HE'S MAKING IT! WE CAN CROSS!
GO ON, BODO!
HURRAY!
Moments Later...
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO SALVATOR, CHILE, IN ORDER TO GET A PLANE! WHAT'S THE QUICKEST WAY? CAN YOU LET US HAVE A BOAT?
SAFE AT LAST! THANKS TO THE BLACK TERROR!
MUST GO BY LAND, SEÑOR! THREE DAY TRIP -- MUCH JUNGLE--RIVER NO GOOD FOR TRAVEL! VERY IMPOSSIBLE!
IMPOSSIBLE, MY EYE! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT, TIM! ... ARE YOU GAME?
BETCHA LIFE! LET'S GO!
I'M GOING, TOO!

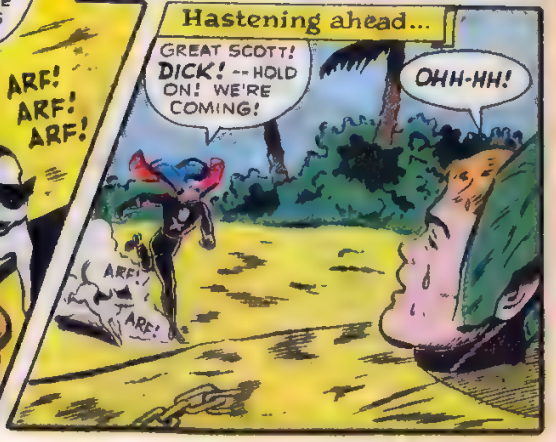

BEATS STEAMSHIP TRAVELING ALL HOLLOW, DOESN'T IT?
I DON'T THINK THIS IS ANY TIME TO BE FUNNY, TERROR!

At the port city of Salvator!
--AND ONE MORE PLANE TO GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE OF SAN VICENTE! THERE'S A DOZEN OR MORE STRANDED PASSENGERS WAITING TO GET AWAY!
WE'LL SEND A PLANE IMMEDIATELY, SEÑOR TERROR! AND YOU AND YOUR PARTY ARE WELCOME TO ANY OF OUR PLANES FOR YOUR OWN JOURNEY!


I'VE GOT A HUNCH ALL THIS TROUBLE IS SOMEHOW HOOKED UP TO DICK AND HIS BALDPATE ISLAND!
MAYBE! GOOD THING WE'VE STILL GOT THAT MAP HE SENT US, SO WE KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING! --- HEY!... ISN'T THAT IT STRAIGHT AHEAD?

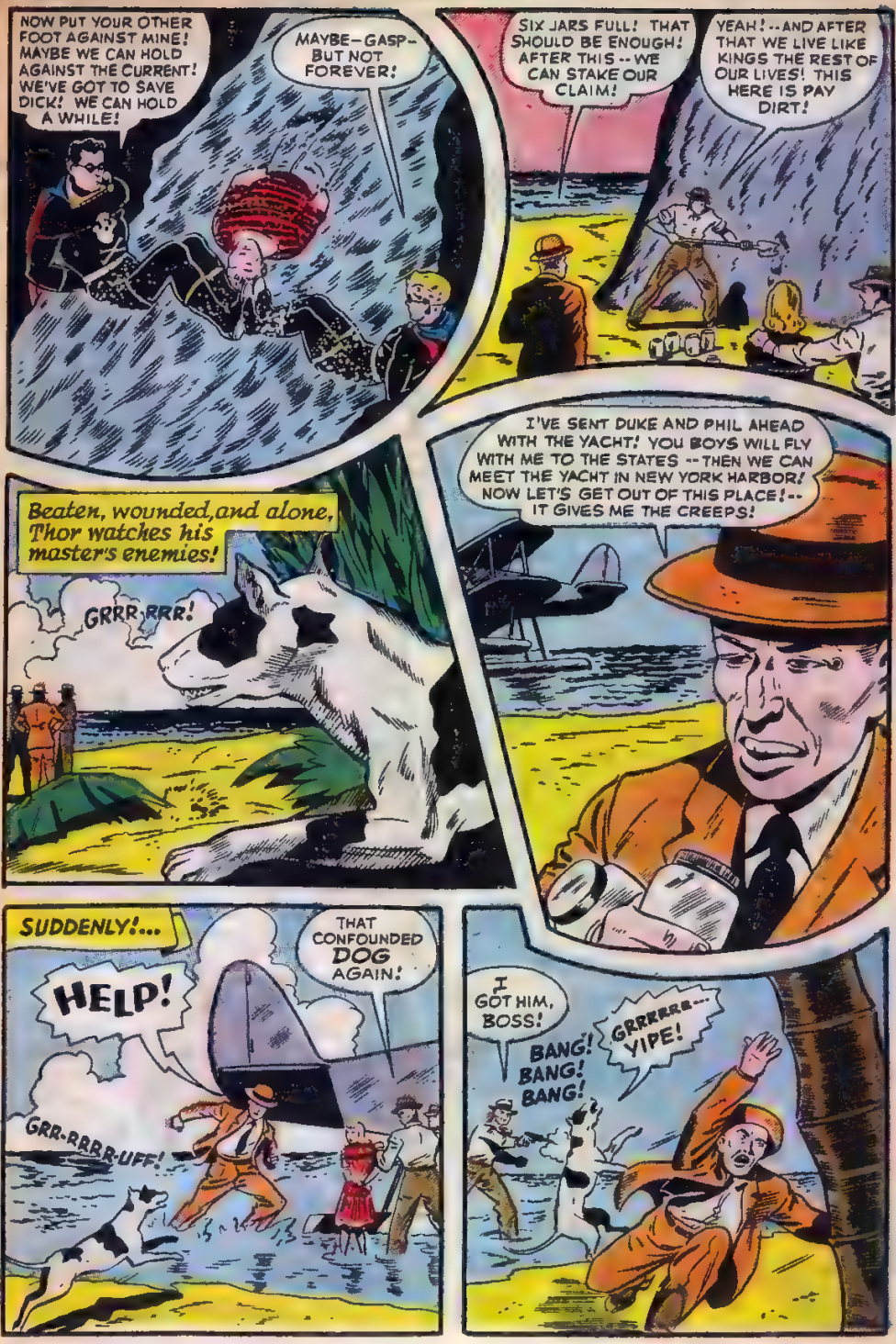
Meanwhile, on the island...
LOOK! THAT PLANE'S COMING IN FOR A LANDING!
QUICK, BOYS! THIS WAY! HERE'S WHERE WE GO UNDERGROUND A WHILE!


S'FUNNY! NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE! NOT EVEN A BOAT EXCEPT THAT BIG ONE THAT YOU SAID WASN'T DICK'S!
NO, BUT HERE'S DICK'S DOG, ALL RIGHT! HE SEEMS TO WANT US TO FOLLOW HIM! LET'S GO!
ARF! ARF! ARF!


Hastening ahead...
GREAT SCOTT! DICK! --HOLD ON! WE'RE COMING!
OHH-HH!
ARF!
ARF!

THANK HEAVENS! --- BEEN HERE--NEARLY TWO DAYS!
WE'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN ----- OH-OH! SHOTS!
BANG!
BANG!
HOPE THEY HAVEN'T CAPTURED JEAN--OR TIM!
CAREFUL! THEIR BOAT'S --THIS WAY!
STAND IN FRONT OF DICK, TIM! HE'S PRETTY BADLY OFF! HERE THEY COME!
BRING 'EM ON!
NUTS TO YOU!
OW!
GREETINGS! AND PUT AWAY YOUR POPGUNS! THEY CAN'T HURT US!
KONK!
BANG!
HOPE YOU FIND THIS THOROUGHLY UPSETTING!
WE GOT 'IM, CHIEF!
POW!
HEY!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! AND DON'T OVERLOOK THE GIRL HIDING AMONG THE PALM TREES!

Thor makes a last, desperate sally!
A ONE AND TWO!
HELP! OWW!
BONK
GRRRR
ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, RUNT!
SOMEBODY GET THAT DOG --OR ELSE! AND BRING THE PRISONERS TO THE CAVE!
WHAM!
Unconscious, Tim and the Black Terror are dragged toward an unknown fate!
I'LL FIX 'EM SO THEY'LL NEVER WAKE UP! OR IF THEY DO, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
Within a black, damp cavern...
TIE THEM TIGHT! AND JOHNSON WITH 'EM! THEY'RE GOING TO ROT HERE!
OH-- WATER-- WATER--
YOU'LL FIND ENOUGH WATER DOWN THERE TO SATISFY YOUR THIRST!
OHH!
SPLASH!
In the black, underground river...
GOLLY-- WHAT A MESS!
GOT TO--KEEP DICK--FROM BEING WASHED DOWN!


NOW PUT YOUR OTHER FOOT AGAINST MINE! MAYBE WE CAN HOLD AGAINST THE CURRENT! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE DICK! WE CAN HOLD A WHILE!
MAYBE—GASP—BUT NOT FOREVER!
SIX JARS FULL! THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH! AFTER THIS -- WE CAN STAKE OUR CLAIM!
YEAH! -- AND AFTER THAT WE LIVE LIKE KINGS THE REST OF OUR LIVES! THIS HERE IS PAY DIRT!
Beaten, wounded, and alone, Thor watches his master's enemies!
GRRR-RRR!
I'VE SENT DUKE AND PHIL AHEAD WITH THE YACHT! YOU BOYS WILL FLY WITH ME TO THE STATES -- THEN WE CAN MEET THE YACHT IN NEW YORK HARBOR! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PLACE! -- IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
SUDDENLY!...
HELP!
THAT CONFOUNDED DOG AGAIN!
GRR-RRRR-UFF!
I GOT HIM, BOSS!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
GRRRRRR--
YIPE!

A few moments later...
GOOD SHOOTING, BRICK! -- ONLY YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED THE BEAST THREE DAYS AGO!
WELL, HE WON'T BOTHER US NO MORE! BUT DON'T FORGET, I WANT MY HUNDRED BUCKS!
HERE'S YOUR HUNDRED AND A HUNDRED MORE IN ADVANCE IF YOU GET US TO WASHINGTON BY TOMORROW MORNING! I'VE SPENT FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE CHASING DOWN THE JOHNSON FAMILY -- AND I WANT NO SLIPS!
At that moment, within the icy grotto...
CAN'T -- STAND IT MUCH LONGER, TERROR! I WONDER -- GASP -- WHERE THIS RIVER GOES?
IT GOES UNDERGROUND! -- I'VE BROKEN MY WRIST-BONDS! GRAB SOME AIR, TIM -- AND LET'S GO! -- IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE!
GLUB! -- I HOPE -- DICK DOESN'T FEEL WORSE THAN I DO RIGHT NOW!
With bursting lungs...
MADE IT! GASP --- AIR!
FEELING BETTER, DICK? -- OUR FRIENDS SEEM TO HAVE GONE! MAYBE YOU CAN TELL US WHAT THEY DID WITH YOUR BOAT!
THEY SCUTTLED IT TO KEEP ME FROM ESCAPING! -- IT SHOULD BE ABOUT THERE.. IN THE WATER!

The Black Terror and Tim plunge into the water--and locate the sunken ship!
ONCE WE POUR THE WATER OUT OF IT, IT'LL BE A CINCH!
Terror raises the wet sails...
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH GOOD THE MOTOR'LL BE, TIM! BUT WE'VE GOT A GOOD WIND IN OUR FAVOR! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO AN AIRPORT!
LOOK! HERE'S THOR! HE'S BEEN WOUNDED, BUT THEY DIDN'T GET HIM, AFTER ALL!
Full speed ahead, to the Chilean mainland...
THEY MUST HAVE LEFT THE ISLAND BY PLANE! AND THEY'VE GOT JEAN WITH THEM! THE FIRST THING WE HAVE TO DO IS RADIO FOR CHILEAN PLANES TO STOP THEM!
RIGHT, TERROR! WITH LUCK WE SHOULD OVERTAKE THEM YET! I'VE A DOUBLE SCORE AGAINST CHILLING--MY FATHER'S KIDNAPPING AND MURDER --AND NOW MY ISLAND!
At Salvator airport...
TELL THEM TO STALL THAT SEAPLANE I DESCRIBED! WE'LL DO THE REST! AND THANKS FOR THE PLANE!
YOU ARE WELCOME, SEÑOR TERROR! SOUTH AMERICA AND NORTH AMERICA ARE BROTHERS! THE SEAPLANE WILL NOT CROSS THE BOLIVIAN BORDER!
True to their word, planes from Chile and Bolivia arise like hornets!
NO USE, BOSS! WE CAN'T SHAKE 'EM! THEY WON'T FIRE, BUT THEY ACT LIKE THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US!
GET THROUGH SOMEHOW! WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME AS IT IS!
SUDDENLY--Terror's fast fighter plane descends!
OUT OF THE BLUE -- FROM ME TO YOU!
Later... somewhere in Bolivia...
WELL, CHILLING AND HIS GANG ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE BOLIVIAN POLICE, DICK --AND THE ISLAND IS YOURS!
THANKS, TERROR! I'M GIVING THE ISLAND TO THE U.S.A.!
MEET THE BLACK TERROR AND TIM -- NEXT ISSUE!

THE BANK BANDITS

By TEX MUMFORD

KENNY NORTON lived in a little Western cowtown where his father was the local harness maker. Often the young lad helped John Norton make fancy saddles and bridles.

One morning Kenny saw two horsemen riding into Festival. They both had neckerchiefs pulled up to their chins and the brims of their hats turned down so that their faces could not easily be seen.

"That's strange," said Kenny as he looked closely at the horses of the two men. "Those men are acting right suspicious."

There was no one around save the boy as the two riders stopped in front of the bank. One of the men swung out of the saddle, then went into the bank. A moment later there was a shot—and the man came running out with a bag of money in his hand.

"They're bandits!" exclaimed Kenny. "And they must have shot someone!"

The man who had run out of the bank leaped into the saddle and the two robbers dashed away, their horses galloping. The sheriff appeared and fired at them from the door of his office—but a blast of gunfire from the two riders drove the lawman back into the office. In a few moments the two robbers had disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"They stole five thousand dollars, and wounded Hank Ward," announced the sheriff to the crowd that gathered. "And nobody knows what they looked like."

Kenny listened but he said nothing — for he couldn't really identify the two men.

The sheriff gathered a posse and went after the bank robbers—but was unable to pick up their trail in

the hard, rocky country beyond the town.

Later that day, four strangers rode into town and left their horses at the hitching rail in front of the Red Eagle Saloon.

None of the horses looked like those the two bank robbers had been riding. But Kenny went and looked at all the horses carefully, and then found Sheriff Lang.

"I'm sure those two robbers are in town now, Sheriff," Kenny said.

"How can you be shore of that, Kenny?" asked the old lawman.

Kenny spoke rapidly and the lawman nodded. Lang got two of his deputies and went to the saloon. The three lawmen were standing there waiting when two of the four strangers came out and swung into their saddles. Sheriff Lang looked at the boy but Kenny shook his head. The two strangers rode away.

A few minutes later the second two strangers came out of the saloon and started for their horses. They suddenly found themselves covered by the guns of the lawmen.

"I'm arresting you for the bank robbery here this morning," snapped the sheriff. "Yuh shore had yore nerve coming back to town."

"They're the bank robbers," said Kenny. "They changed horses and even changed clothes — but they are using the same saddles the bank robbers used. I looked carefully at those saddles. One of them had a rose design carved in the leather of the skirt and tree. The other had a piece of leather torn off the horn and a broken latigo string in front and back and a concha missing."

"The boy is right," said a deputy as he looked at the saddles on the horses of the two men.

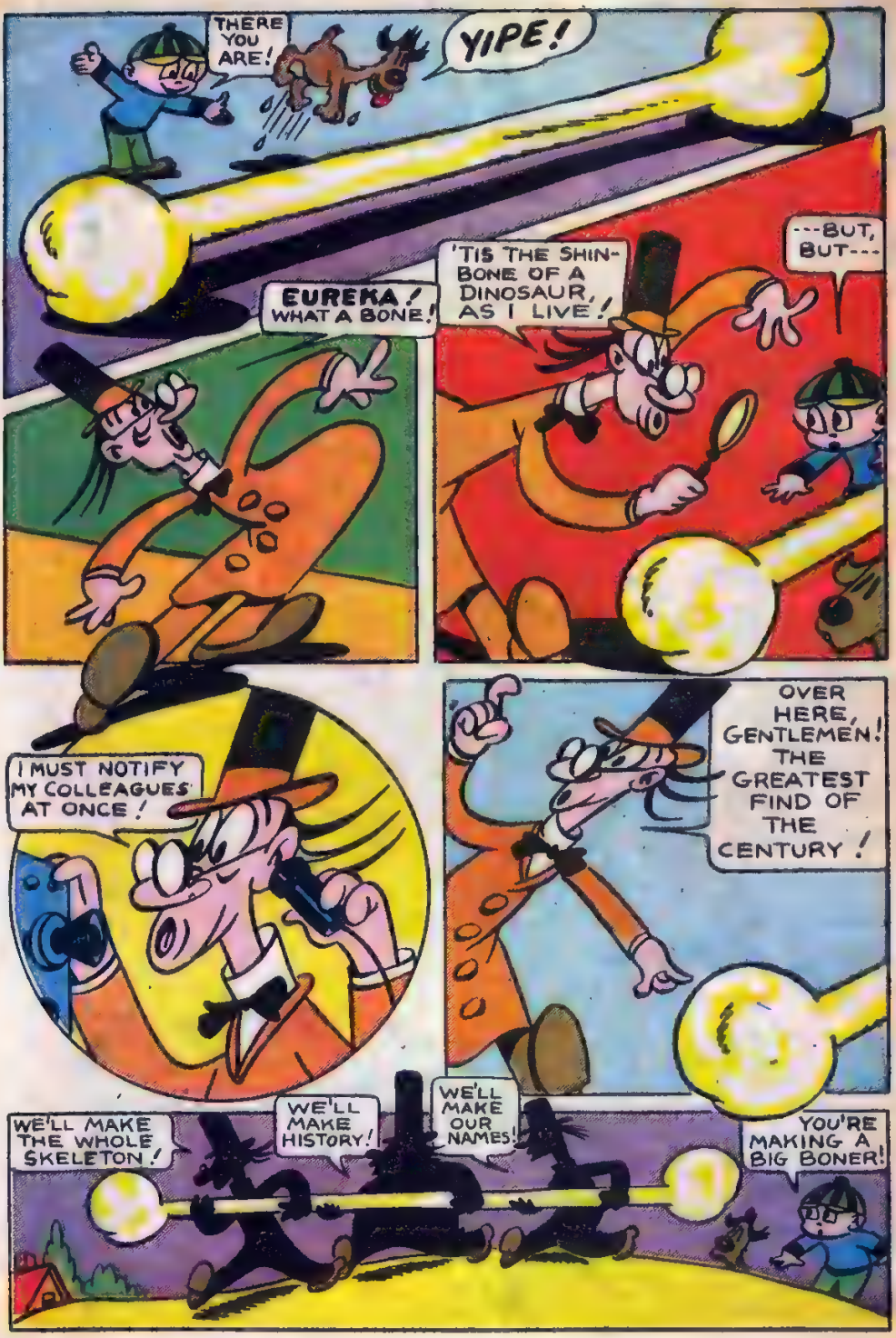
For a moment the three lawmen glanced at the saddles, and the robbers thought that was their chance. They grabbed for their guns, but the sheriff and the deputies shot the weapons out of their hands. There was no doubt the two strangers were the bank robbers.

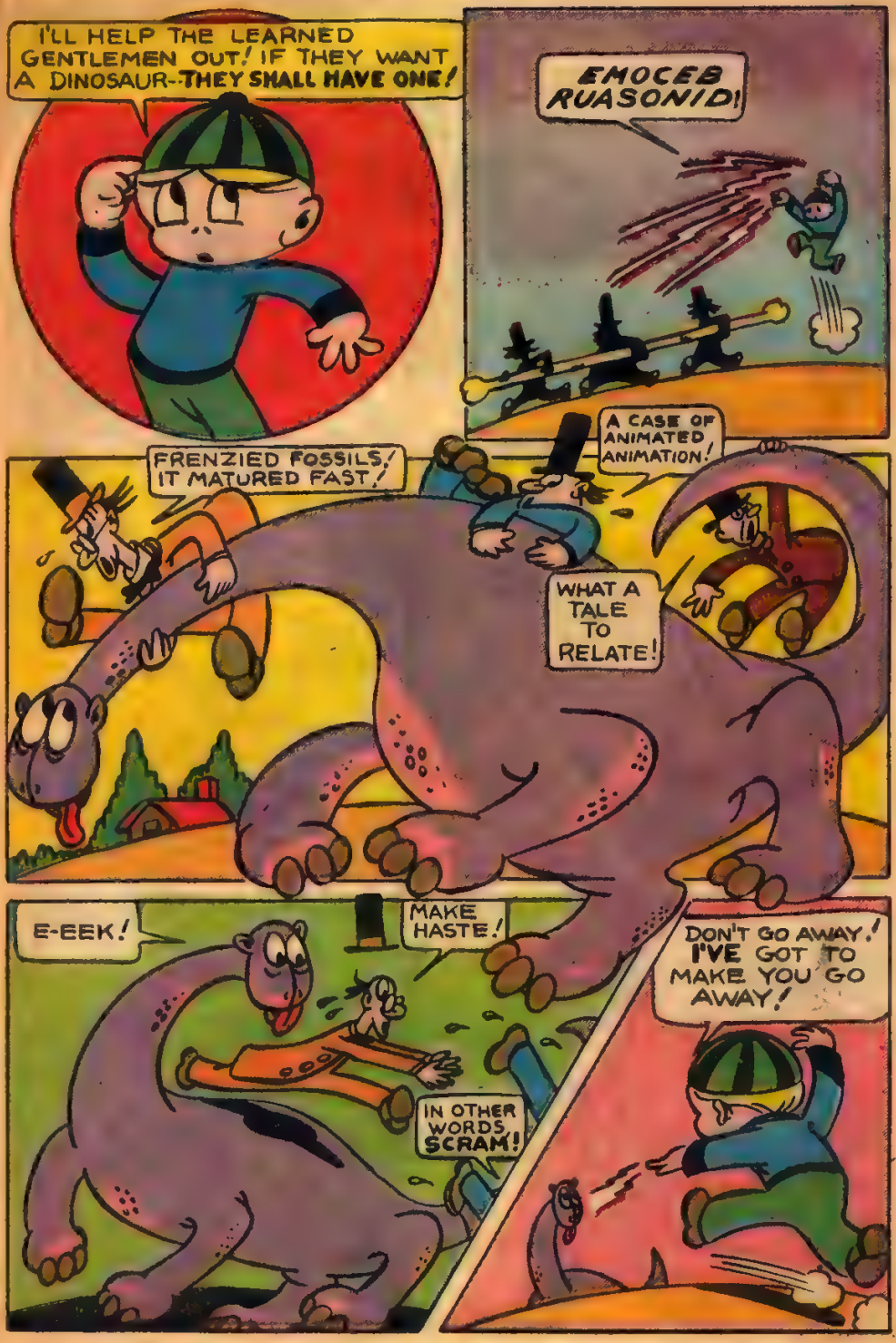
"You shore noticed a lot about those saddles, Kenny," said the sheriff. "How did you happen to do it?"

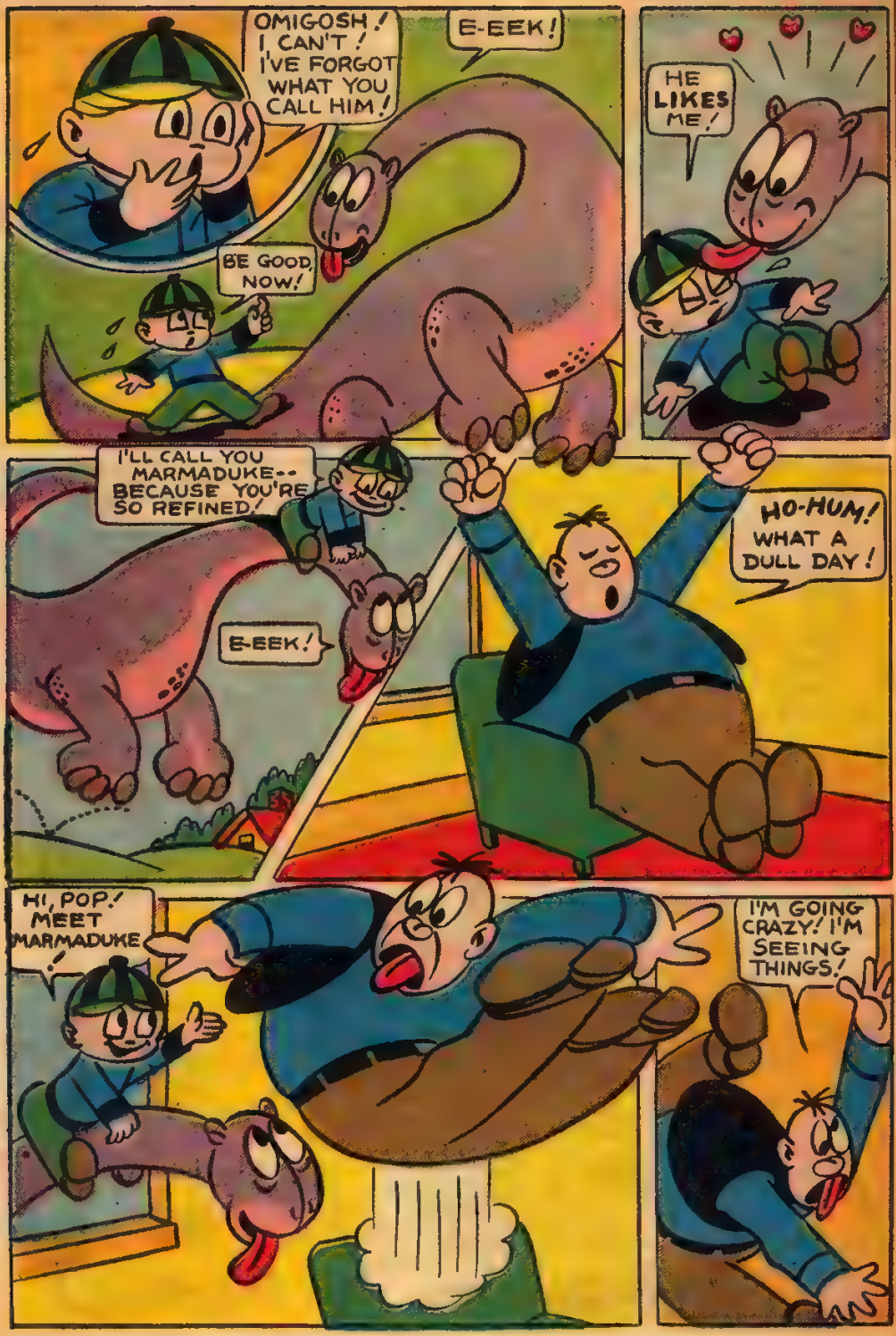
"That's my business," said Kenny with a grin. "Ask Dad."

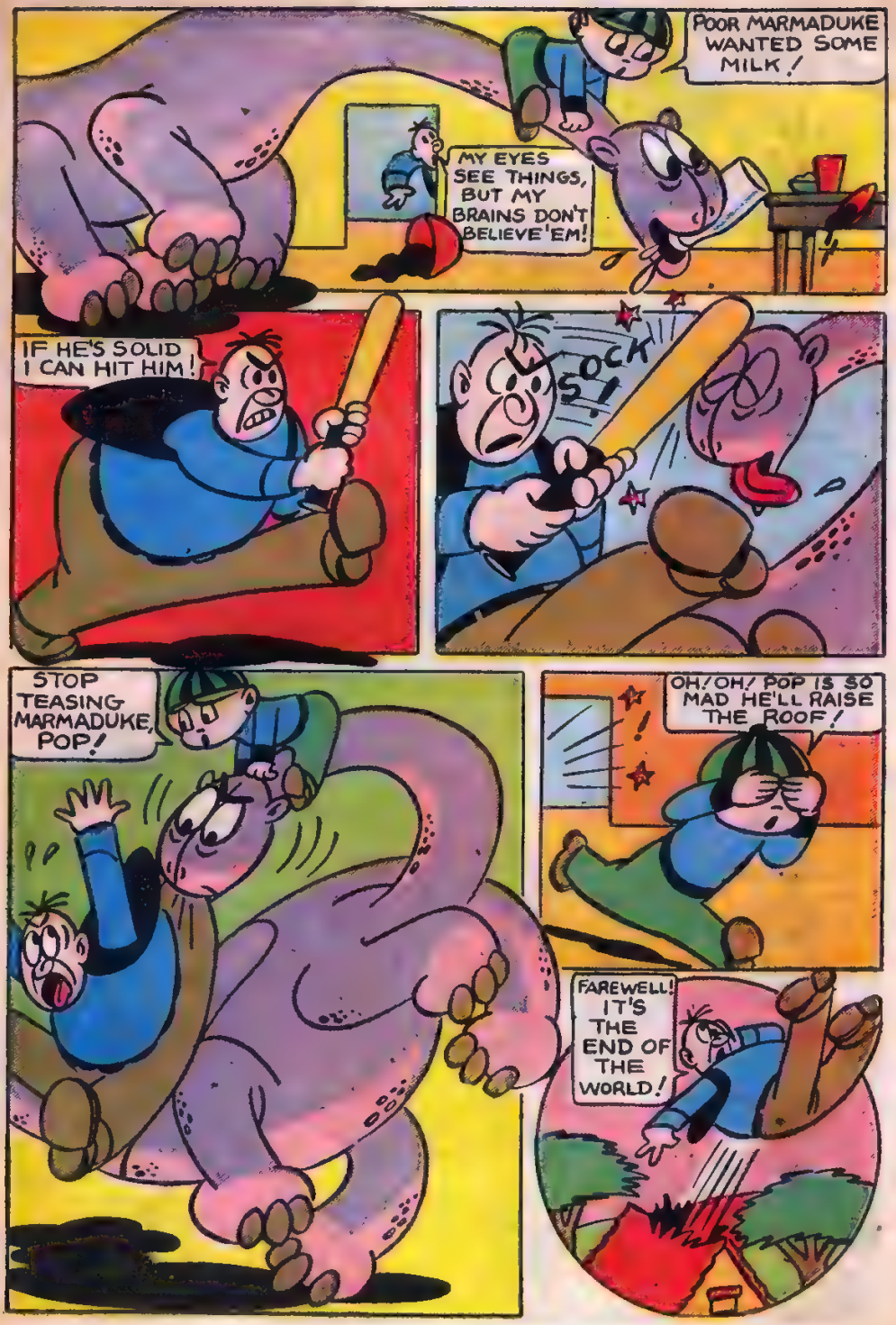
A Harness Maker's Son Tackles a Cowtown Mystery!

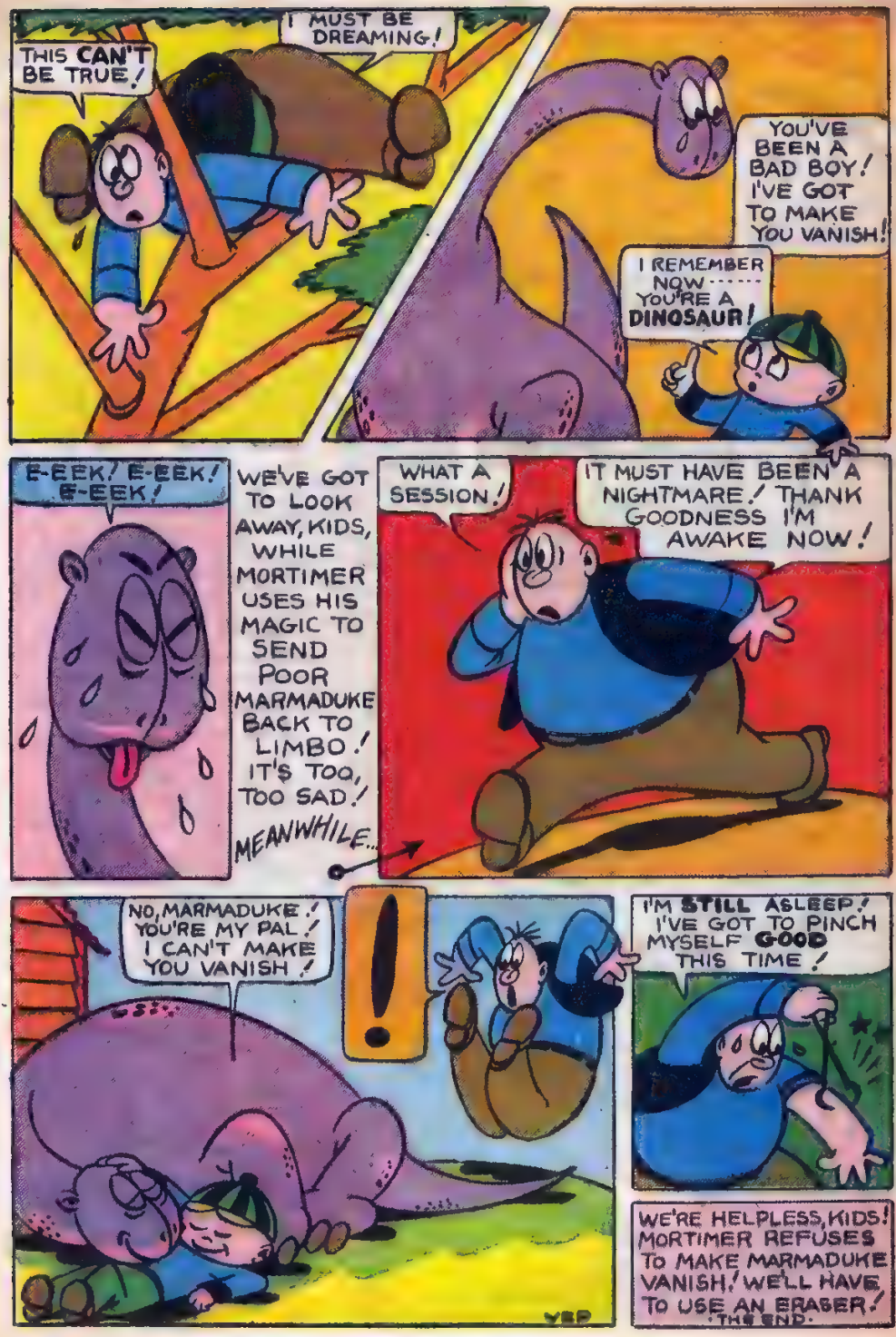
Mortimer Magic
BY TALKING BACKWARD, I CAN MAKE THIS BIG!
EB GIB!
POP SAID TO EAT ONLY ONE CANDY CANE, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING!
by VEP
YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A GOOD PUPPY---- I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BREAK!
EB GIB!
OH, BOY! I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT PAGE!


THERE YOU ARE!
YIPE!
EUREKA! WHAT A BONE!
'TIS THE SHIN-BONE OF A DINOSAUR, AS I LIVE!
---BUT, BUT---
I MUST NOTIFY MY COLLEAGUES AT ONCE!
OVER HERE, GENTLEMEN! THE GREATEST FIND OF THE CENTURY!
WE'LL MAKE THE WHOLE SKELETON!
WE'LL MAKE HISTORY!
WE'LL MAKE OUR NAMES!
YOU'RE MAKING A BIG BONER!


I'LL HELP THE LEARNED GENTLEMEN OUT! IF THEY WANT A DINOSAUR--THEY SHALL HAVE ONE!
EMOCEB RUASONID!
A CASE OF ANIMATED ANIMATION!
FRENZIED FOSSILS! IT MATURED FAST!
WHAT A TALE TO RELATE!
E-EEK!
MAKE HASTE!
IN OTHER WORDS SCRAM!
DON'T GO AWAY! I'VE GOT TO MAKE YOU GO AWAY!


OMIGOSH! I CAN'T! I'VE FORGOT WHAT YOU CALL HIM!
E-EEK!
BE GOOD, NOW!
HE LIKES ME!
I'LL CALL YOU MARMADUKE... BECAUSE YOU'RE SO REFINED!
E-EEK!
HO-HUM! WHAT A DULL DAY!
HI, POP! MEET MARMADUKE!
I'M GOING CRAZY! I'M SEEING THINGS!


POOR MARMADUKE WANTED SOME MILK!
MY EYES SEE THINGS, BUT MY BRAINS DON'T BELIEVE 'EM!
IF HE'S SOLID I CAN HIT HIM!
SOCK!
STOP TEASING MARMADUKE, POP!
OH! OH! POP IS SO MAD HE'LL RAISE THE ROOF!
FAREWELL! IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!


THIS CAN'T BE TRUE!
I MUST BE DREAMING!
YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY! I'VE GOT TO MAKE YOU VANISH!
I REMEMBER NOW------ YOU'RE A DINOSAUR!
E-EEK! E-EEK! E-EEK!
WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AWAY, KIDS, WHILE MORTIMER USES HIS MAGIC TO SEND POOR MARMADUKE BACK TO LIMBO! IT'S TOO, TOO SAD!
MEANWHILE...
WHAT A SESSION!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE! THANK GOODNESS I'M AWAKE NOW!
NO, MARMADUKE! YOU'RE MY PAL! I CAN'T MAKE YOU VANISH!
!
I'M STILL ASLEEP! I'VE GOT TO PINCH MYSELF GOOD THIS TIME!
WE'RE HELPLESS, KIDS! MORTIMER REFUSES TO MAKE MARMADUKE VANISH! WE'LL HAVE TO USE AN ERASER!
-THE END-
YEP

PERUVIAN BOY

By WILLIAM B. McCLELLAN

Chico Proves He's a Real Good Neighbor to the Americans

CHICO was a young Peruvian boy. He made a living driving llamas and alpacas in the rugged Andes Mountains above the city of Cerro de Pasco. The llamas, known as the South American camels, were used as beasts of burden, carrying supplies to various expeditions working in the Inca country.

"You are on a very important mission this time, Chico," his father told him as he lined the llamas up and loaded the pack saddles on them. "The American Government has an important party prospecting for rare metals that will help the war effort. The weather has been bad in the mountains, and they have been unable to send in supplies by plane. It is up to you."

"Si, Papa," Chico replied. "I know how important it is. Especially since the American Captain has told me that German agents want to work against the Americans, but cannot do so too openly, because Peru is a friendly country."

Chico and several other boys his age headed into the mountains with the llama train. It was a two day journey over a rugged territory. On the afternoon of the second day, several men jumped from behind the great rocks that lined the trail and one of them pointed a rifle at Chico and said:

"*Buenas dias*, Chico." Those are very nice supplies you have there. They will serve us well."

The man laughed as his henchmen unloaded the packs and left Chico with the long-haired animals. Then he said:

"Now you can drive on to the American camp and tell them that supplies are scarce, that they would do

well to give up and return to Lima."

Chico's friends were frightened, but Chico merely smiled as the German agents brandished their rifles, Chico went on with the now empty llama train, and the darkness was just closing in about them when they arrived at the American camp.

Captain Marty Owens, in command of the camp, met the train, and listened while the Peruvian boys chattered about the hold-up and pirating of their loads. Chico was the only one who didn't join in the discussion. Finally Captain Owens turned to him and asked:

"What have you to say about this?"

Chico grinned.

"By this time the Germans are very disappointed he replied." They just have a number of empty cases. If you and your men will lift the heavy hair that almost drags on the ground, you will find that I have brought most of the supplies in a harness that is suspended beneath the llamas, and which was concealed by the long wool!"

Captain Owens patted Chico on the shoulder.

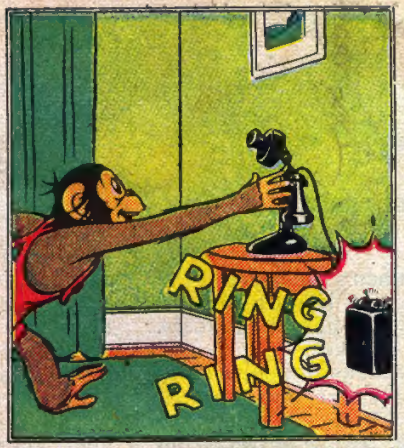
"You surely used your head that time, Chico," he said. "You've outsmarted the Germans."

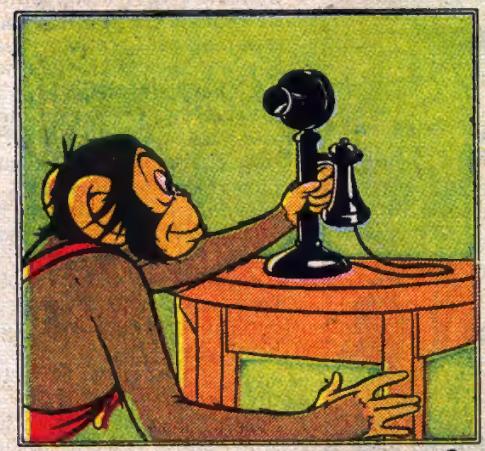
As he and the other Americans started to unload the llamas, Chico worked with them, and then said:

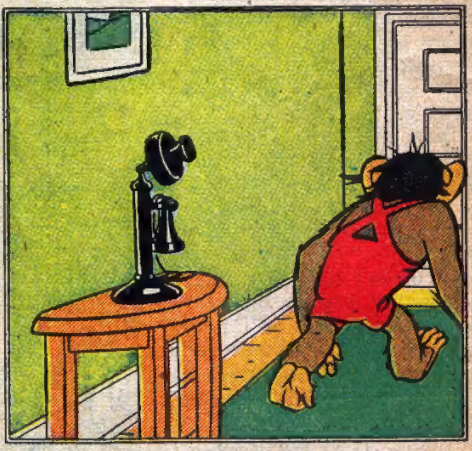
"These Germans have not been in Peru very long. Even if I had not thought to hide the valuable supplies as I did, you could have eaten the llamas or used their milk for supplies, as the natives have done for hundreds of years."

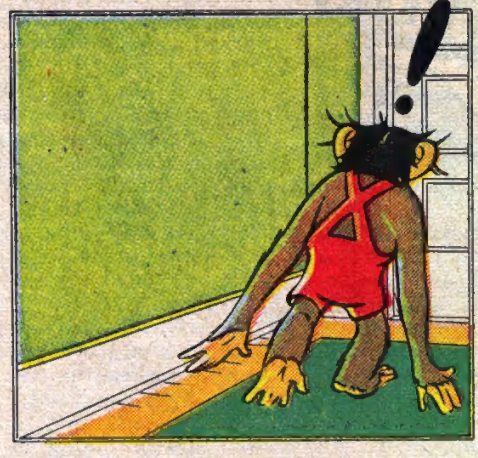
"That's right, Chico," Captain Owens agreed. "It's certainly a pleasure to work with the clever natives of Peru! They appreciate our difficulties and they do a swell job of aiding us in every way they can."

Chico was pleased with this praise for his compatriots and himself—and he was very proud of what he had done to help the Americans.









STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of The Black Terror, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1944. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. L. Herbert, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manage. of The Black Terror, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Nedor Publishing Co., 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. Editor, H. L. Pines, 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, H. L. Herbert, 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: Nedor Publishing Co., 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y., H. L. Pines, 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y., Dora Pines, 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. H. L. Herbert, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1944. Eugene Wechsler, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30th, 1945.

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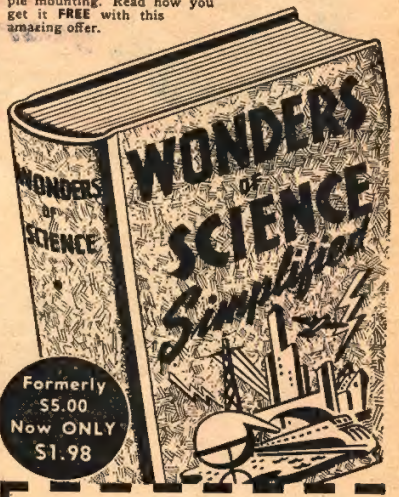

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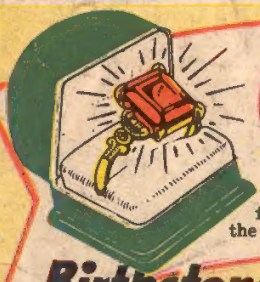

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